

# POLICE

SM  
2  
DAILY  
COM  
GROUP

## COMICS 10¢

FEBRUARY  
No. 51

Does **PLASTIC MAN**  
succumb to  
*The Granite Lady?*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# VOLTO

## FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!



BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!



AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...



JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!



AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP-GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!



SAY, THIS IS GREAT! THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU - BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

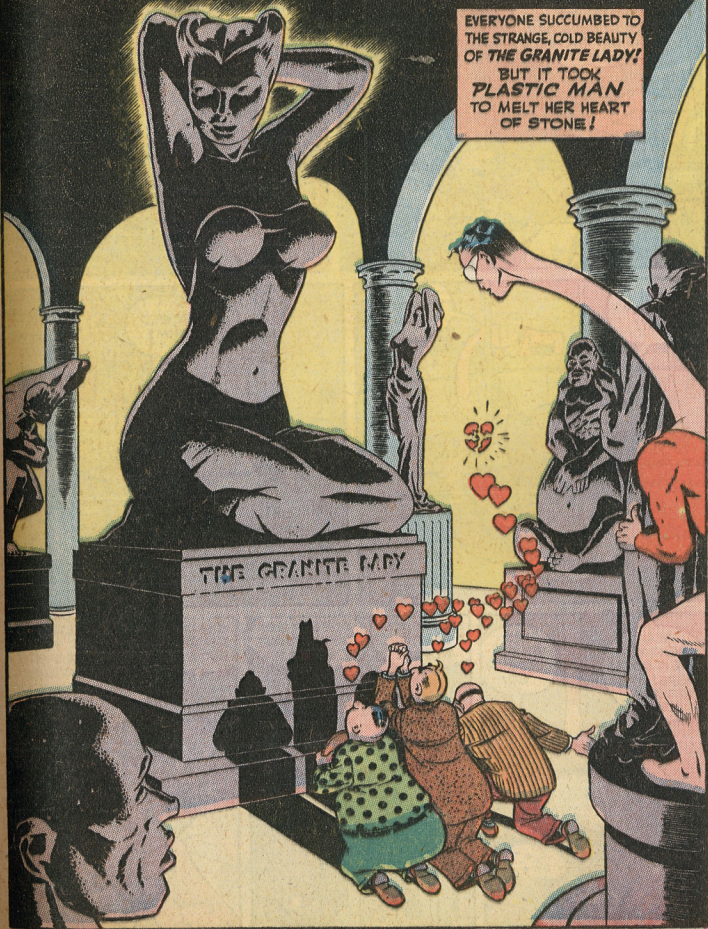




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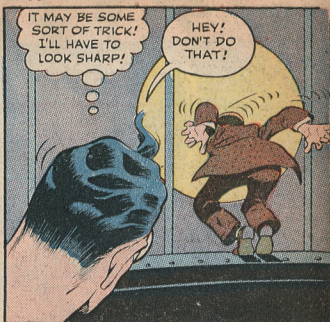
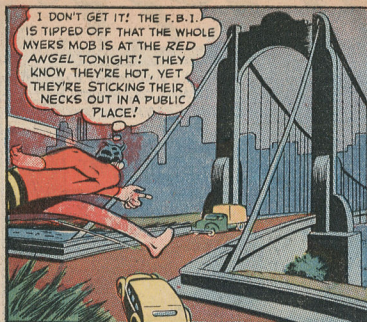
# PLASTIC MAN

EVERYONE SUCCUMBED TO  
THE STRANGE, COLD BEAUTY  
OF THE GRANITE LADY!  
BUT IT TOOK  
PLASTIC MAN  
TO MELT HER HEART  
OF STONE!

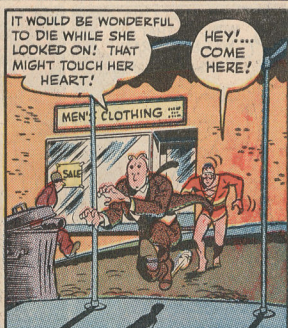
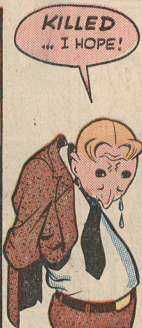
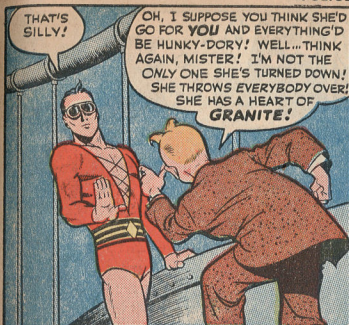




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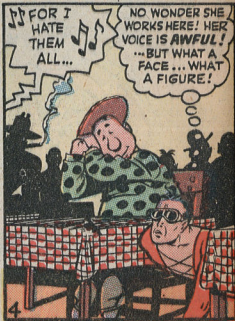
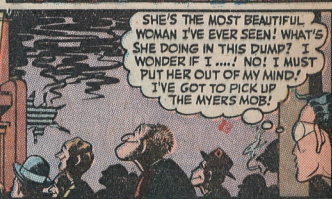
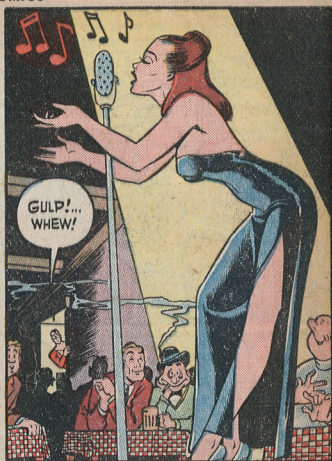
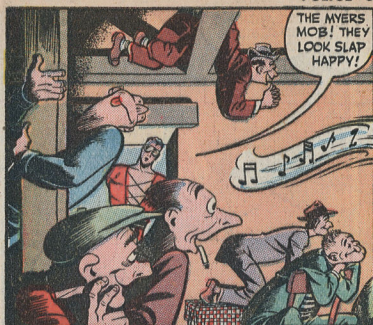






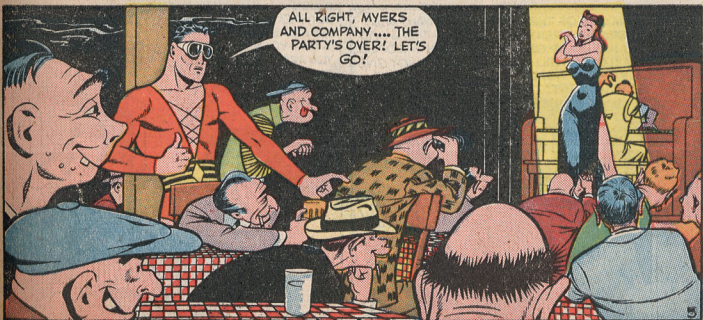
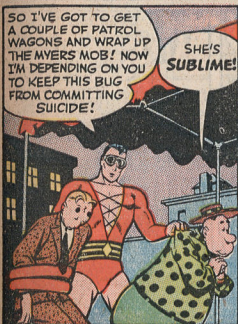
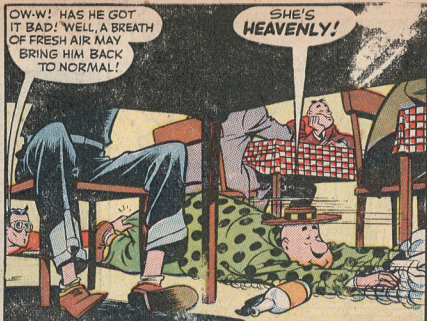
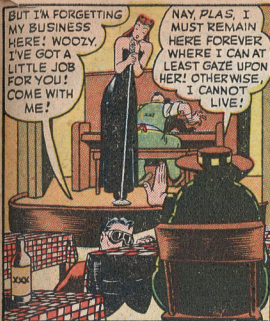


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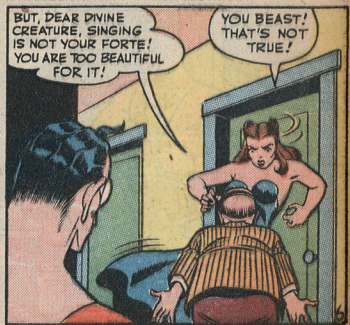
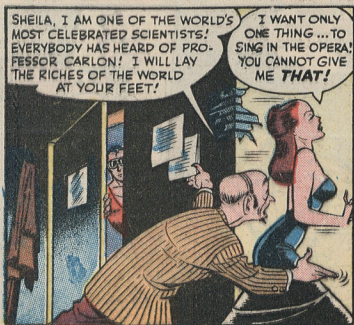
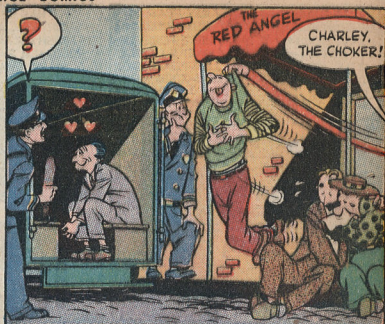
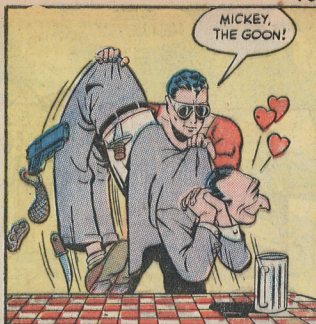




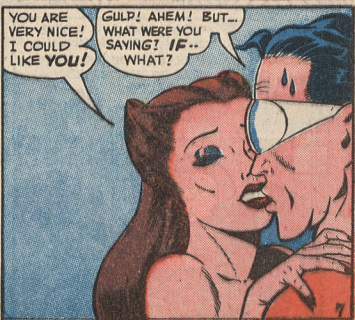
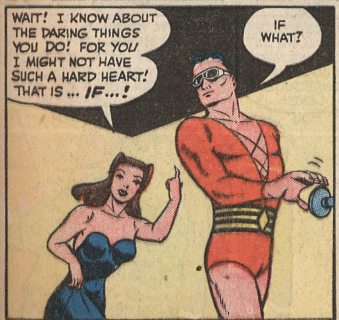
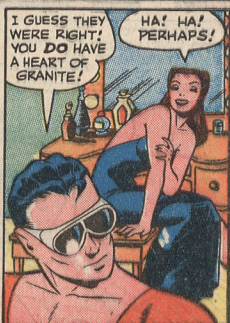
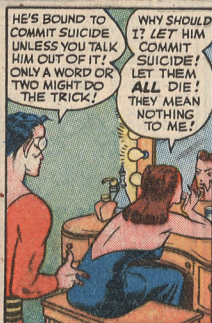
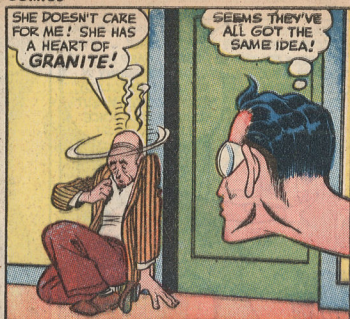
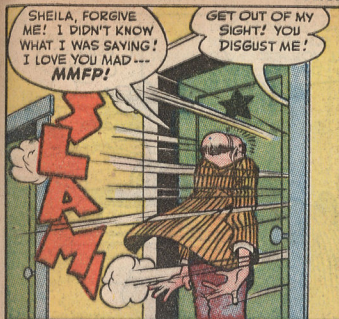
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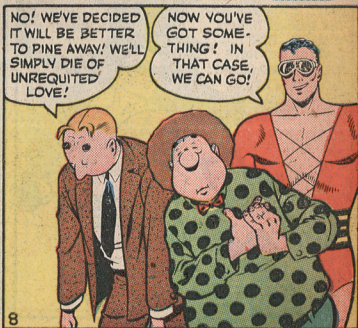
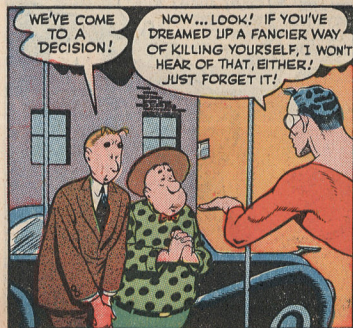
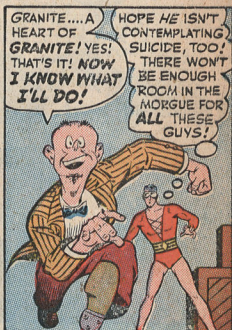
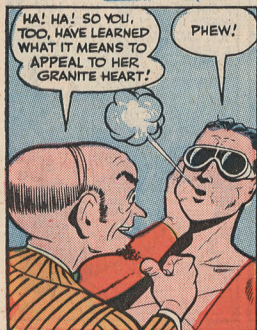
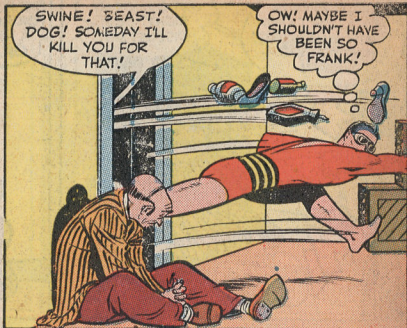
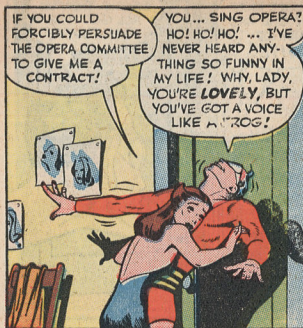




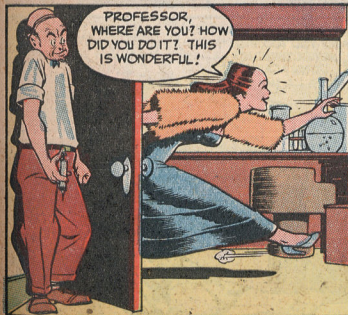
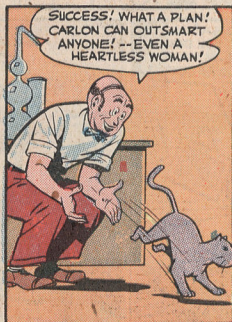
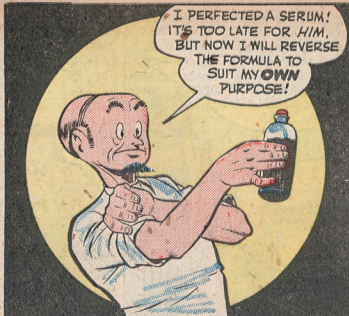
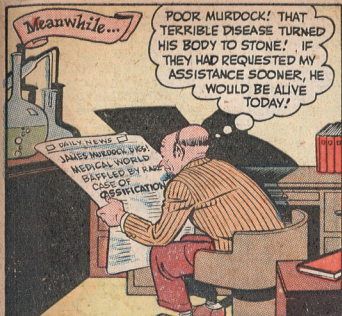




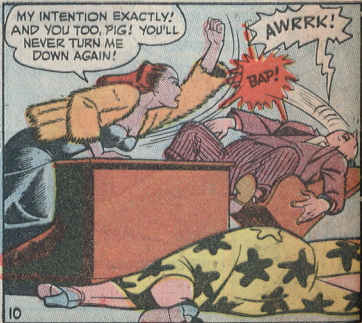
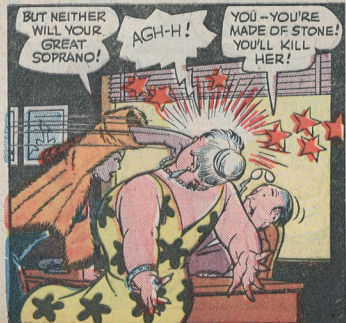
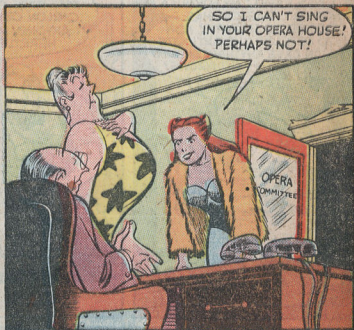
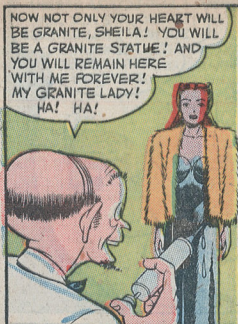






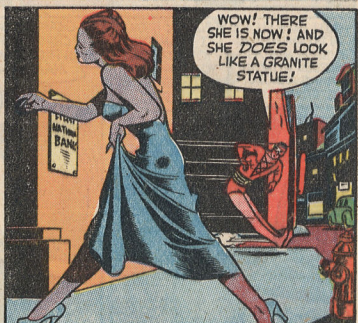
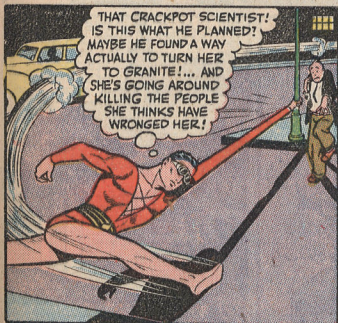
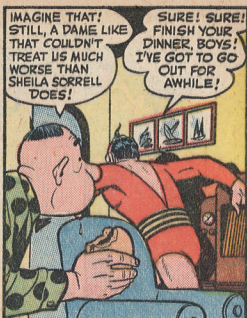
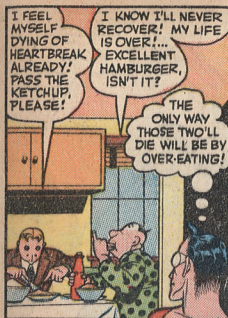




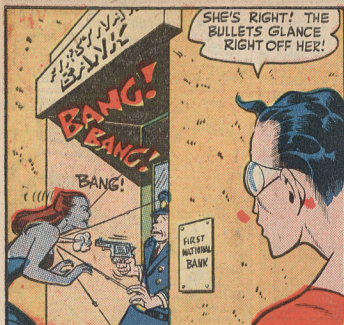




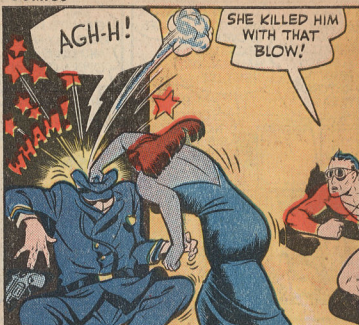
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SHE'S RIGHT! THE BULLETS GLANCE RIGHT OFF HER!



SHE KILLED HIM WITH THAT BLOW!

YOU'LL HAVE ALL YOU CAN DO ANSWERING TO THREE MURDER CHARGES WITHOUT ADDING A BANK ROBBERY TO THEM!

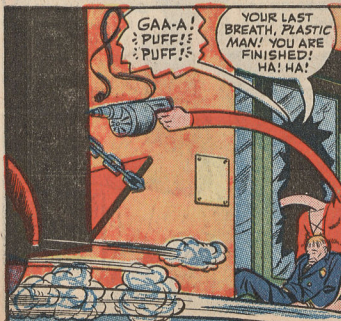
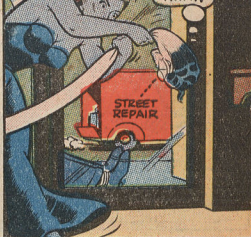
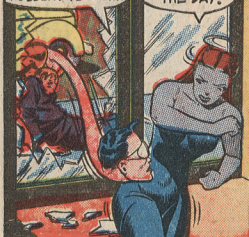
PLASTIC MAN! I PROMISED YOU I'D KILL YOU SOMEDAY! THIS IS THE DAY!

MY GRANITE FINGERS CAN CRUSH THE LIFE EVEN FROM PLASTIC MAN!

GA-A-A!

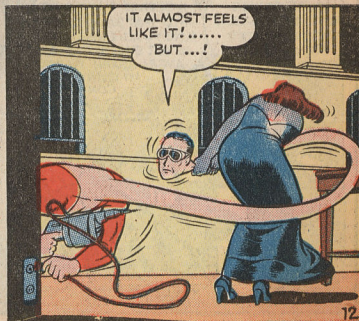
DIE, PLASTIC MAN! DIE!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, I'M SUNK! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TEAR THOSE FINGERS AWAY!



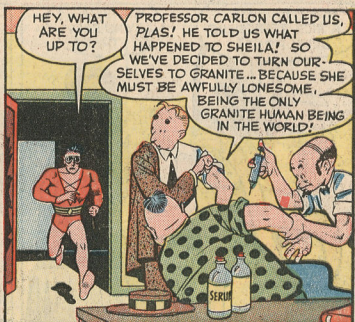
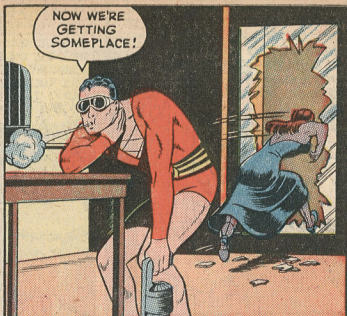
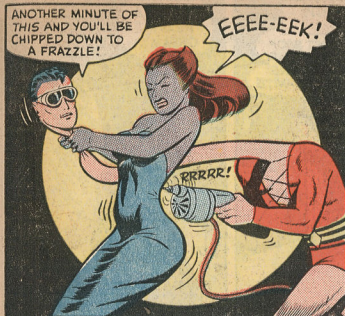
GAA-A!  
PUFF!  
PUFF!

YOUR LAST BREATH, PLASTIC MAN! YOU ARE FINISHED! HA! HA!

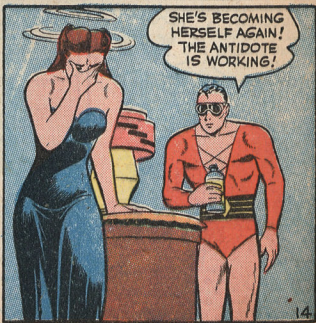
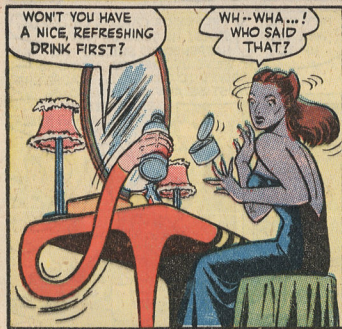


IT ALMOST FEELS LIKE IT!..... BUT....!

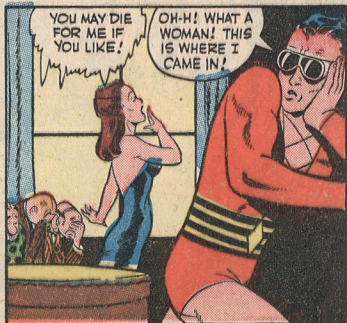
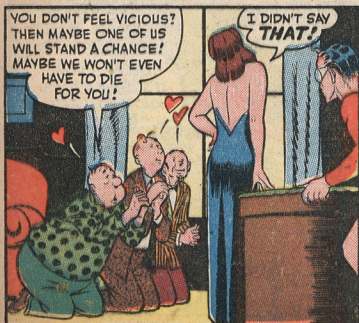
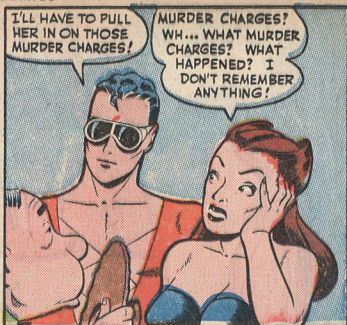
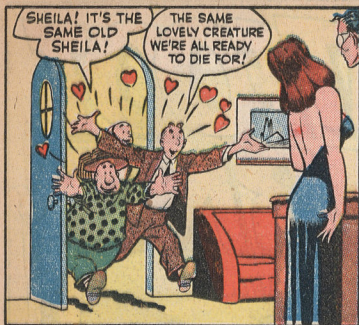














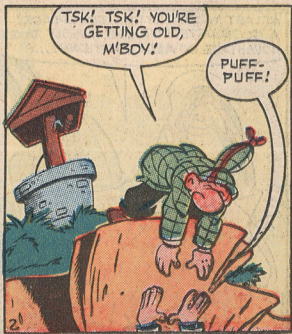
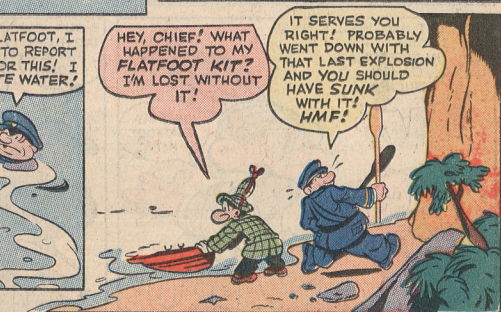
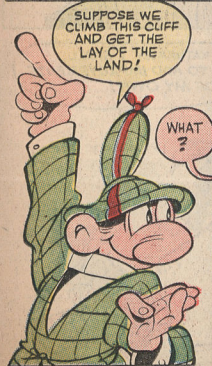
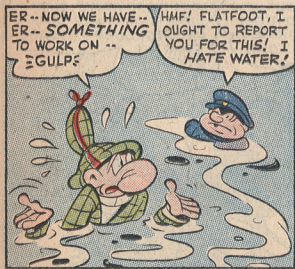
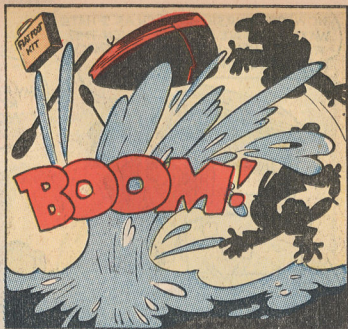
# FLATFOOT BURNS

By AL STAHL

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF!  
I'VE HAD THIS WHOLE AREA  
DEMINED AND ROPED! NOW  
WE CAN INVESTIGATE AND DETERMINE  
WHO'S BEEN PLANTING DELAYED-  
ACTION MINES TO BLOW UP  
THE COMMERCIAL SHIPPING!

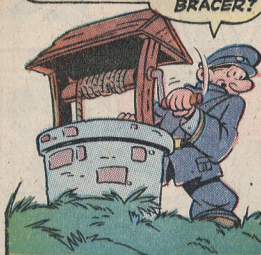
GULP! I HOPE  
IT'S **SAFE!** YOU  
KNOW HOW AFRAID  
I AM OF  
**WATER!**



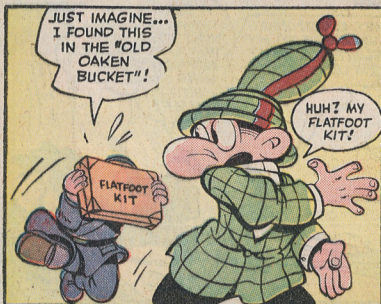




NOW, OF COURSE, AS MUCH AS I HATE WATER, IT'S ALL RIGHT IF TAKEN THE RIGHT WAY! HOW ABOUT A COOL REFRESHING DRINK AS A BRACER?

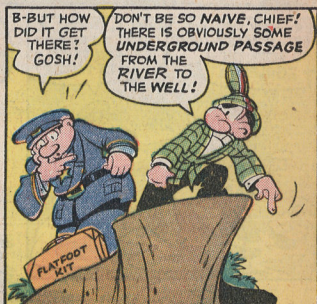


BAH!  
MY FLATFOOT  
KIT IS  
NOWHERE  
IN SIGHT!



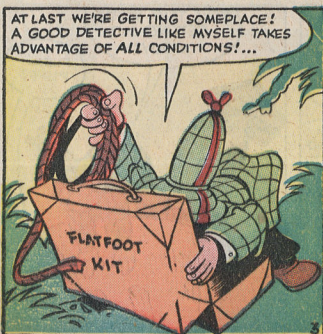
JUST IMAGINE...  
I FOUND THIS  
IN THE "OLD  
OAKEN  
BUCKET"!

HUH? MY  
FLATFOOT  
KIT!



B-BUT HOW  
DID IT GET  
THERE?  
GOSH!

DON'T BE SO NAIVE, CHIEF!  
THERE IS OBVIOUSLY SOME  
UNDERGROUND PASSAGE  
FROM THE  
RIVER TO  
THE WELL!



AT LAST WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!  
A GOOD DETECTIVE LIKE MYSELF TAKES  
ADVANTAGE OF ALL CONDITIONS!...



...BUT, NATURALLY, I SHALL  
HAVE TO ADD IMPROVEMENTS  
OF MY OWN!

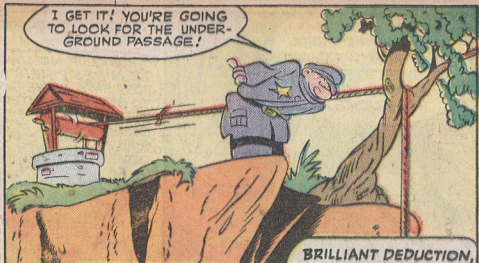


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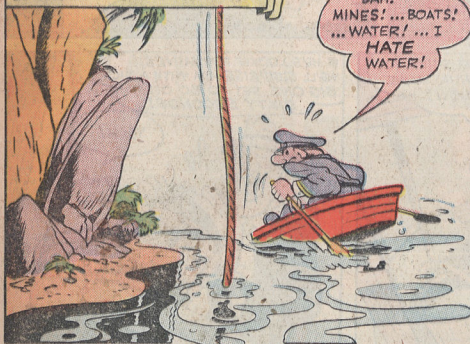
FLATFOOT'S AGOIN'  
DEEP SEA  
DIVING!



I GET IT! YOU'RE GOING  
TO LOOK FOR THE UNDER-  
GROUND PASSAGE!

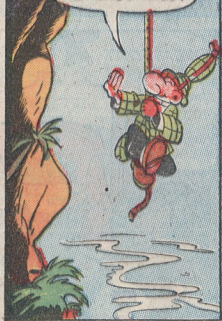


A short while later.....

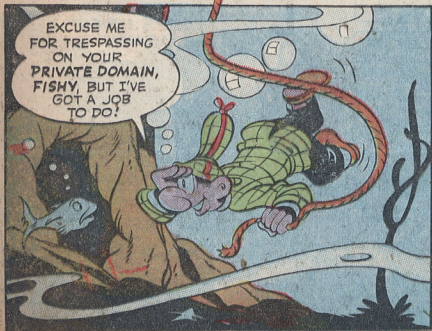


BAH!  
MINES! ...BOATS!  
...WATER! ... I  
HATE  
WATER!

BRILLIANT DEDUCTION,  
CHIEF! GET INTO THE  
ROWBOAT AND STAND  
BY FOR  
EMERGENCIES!



EXCUSE ME  
FOR TRESPASSING  
ON YOUR  
PRIVATE DOMAIN,  
FISHY, BUT I'VE  
GOT A JOB  
TO DO!

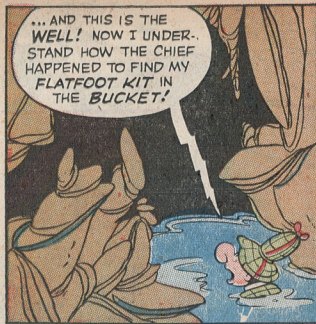


HERE'S THE  
PASSAGE..  
JUST AS I SUSPECTED!  
AS USUAL, I WAS  
RIGHT!





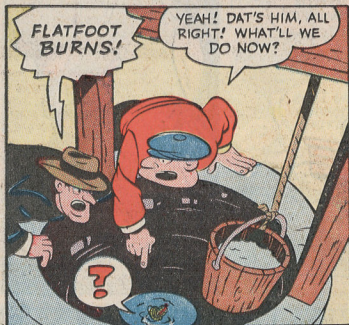
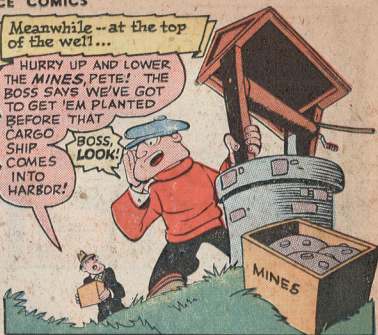
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Meanwhile -- at the top of the well...

HURRY UP AND LOWER THE MINES, PETE! THE BOSS SAYS WE'VE GOT TO GET 'EM PLANTED BEFORE THAT CARGO SHIP COMES INTO HARBOR!

BOSS, LOOK!



YEAH! DAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?



YEAH!

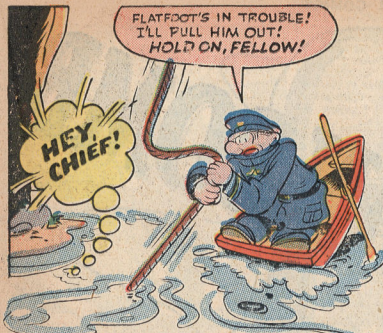


BY THE PROCESS OF DEDUCTION, THOSE MINES MUST HAVE BEEN LOWERED INTO THE WELL BY MEANS OF THE BUCKET.

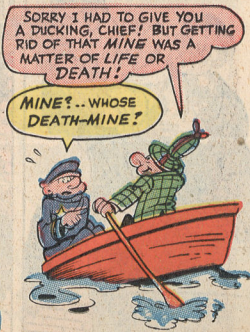
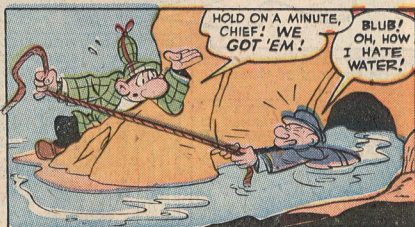
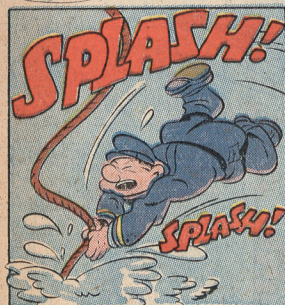


TICK-TICK!





FLATFOOT'S IN TROUBLE!  
I'LL PULL HIM OUT!  
HOLD ON, FELLOW!





# The HUMAN BOMB

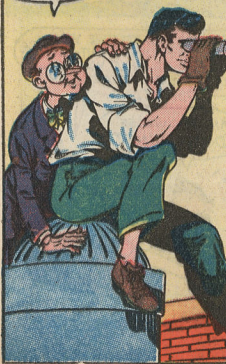
Boy Lincoln and Throckmorton are on the roof of their laboratory...

YOU LOOKING AT THAT APARTMENT WINDOW THREE BLOCKS AWAY, BOY? WHERE THAT GORGEOUS REDHEAD LIVES?

YES, I'VE LEARNED TO READ LIPS, HUSTACE, AND ---

BOY, COULD I READ HER LIPS! TOUCH SYSTEM---

HUSH, HUSTACE! SHE HAS A COUPLE OF VISITORS I RECOGNIZE --- FROM THE ROGUE'S GALLERY PICTURES!



What the glasses show...

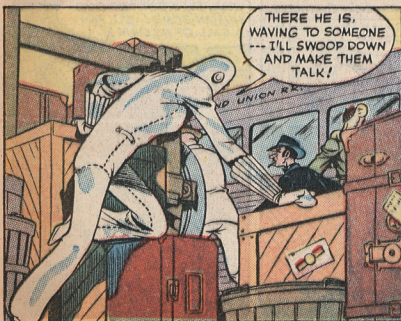
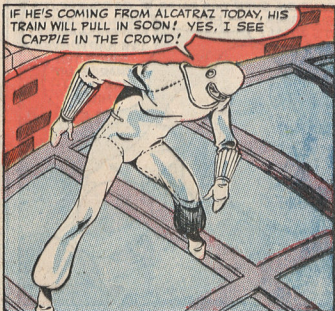
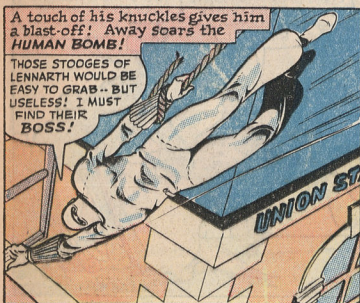
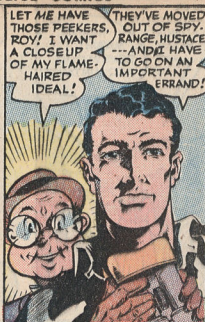
SO MY OLD BOY FRIEND LENNARTH IS HAVING A COMING-OUT RECEPTION, HUH, CAPPIE?

RIGHT, ZINGA! PASSED HIS GEOLOGY EXAM AT ALCATRAZ! HE'LL BE WITH US THIS EVENING!

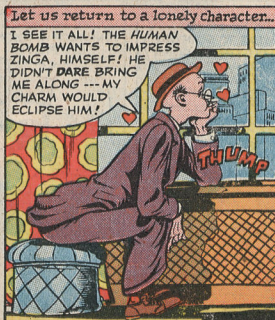
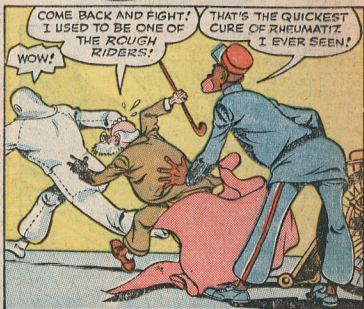
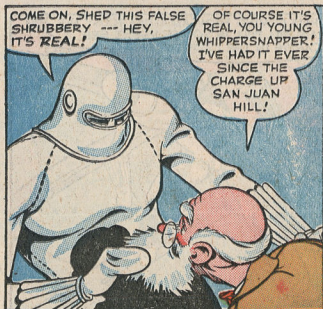
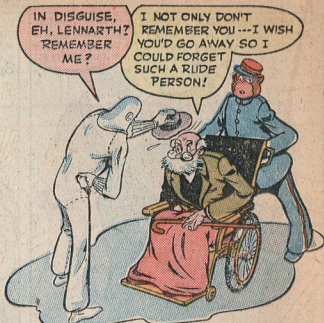
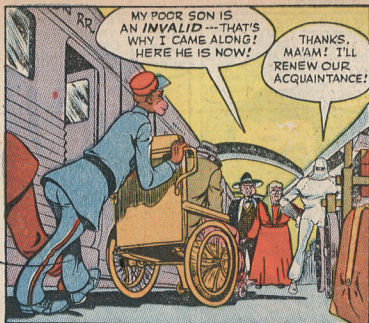




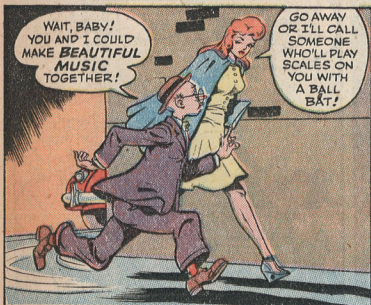
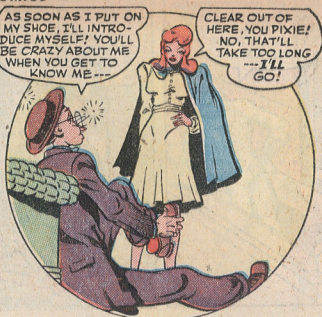
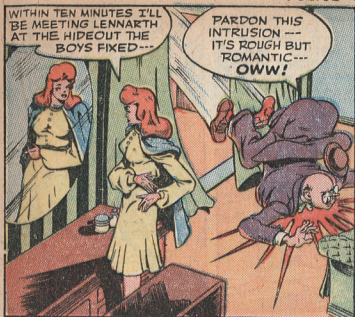
# POLICE COMICS



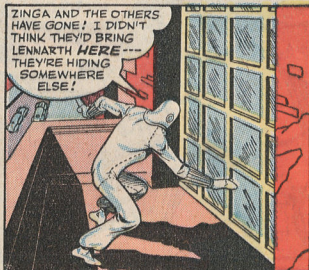
POLICE COMICS



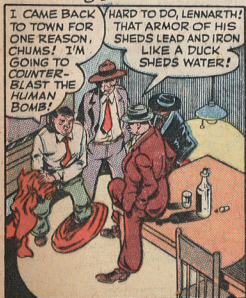




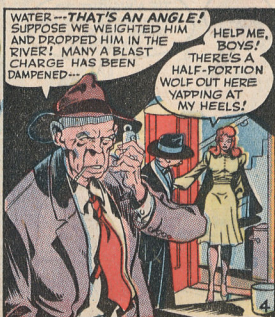
Meanwhile, the **HUMAN BOMB** searches unavailingly....



The hiding place...

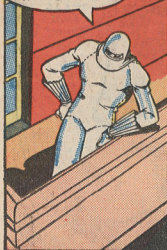


I'LL OUTSMART HIM! I GOT INTO TOWN BY DISGUIISING AS AN OLD LADY... AN' BROUGHT HARPIE IN, TOO... TH' BEST **PINEAPPLE** MAKER IN TH' BUSINESS!



POLICE COMICS

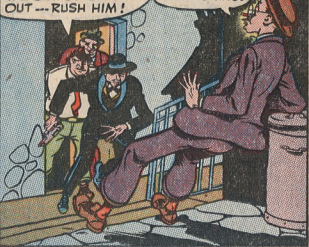
HE'LL GO UNDERGROUND,  
AND ALL HIS PALS WITH  
HIM! HOW'M I GOING  
TO PICK UP THEIR  
TRAILS AGAIN?



While the HUMAN BOMB is baffled...

IT'S THAT JERKY  
LITTLE JASPER WHO  
DOGS AROUND AFTER  
THE BOMB! SPREAD  
OUT --- RUSH HIM!

I KNOW YOU--LENNARTH!  
WAIT TILL MY FEET  
GET TO  
FUNCTIONING!



BITE THE  
BRICK-DUST,  
YOU YEGGS!

I'VE  
GOT  
HIM!



THAT EXPLOSION!  
ONLY I COULD  
CAUSE IT--OR  
HUSTACE!



QUICK, TIE THAT  
TROUBLE TOE OF  
HIS! HE'LL BLAST  
US ALL!

I'LL DO  
IT!



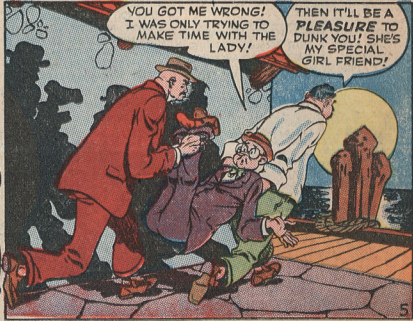
NOW  
WHAT?

TIE A WEIGHT TO  
HIM --- WE'LL TAKE HIM  
DOWN THE ALLEY  
TO THE RIVER!



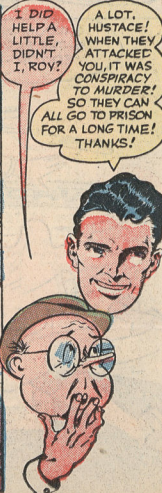
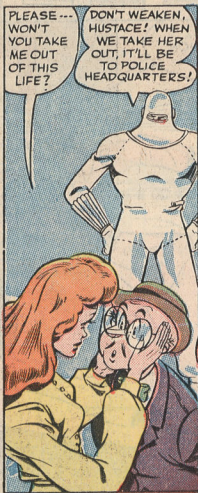
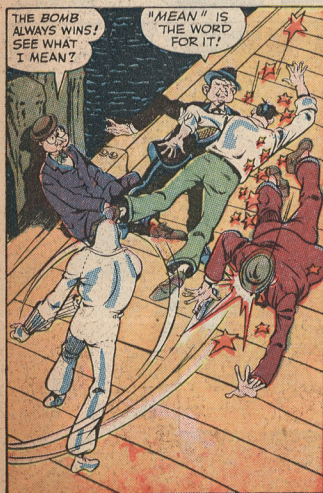
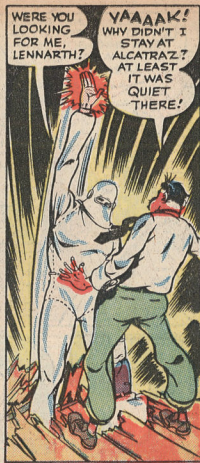
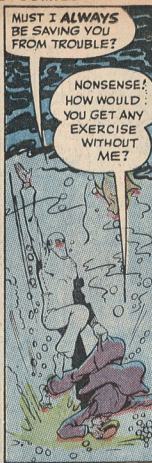
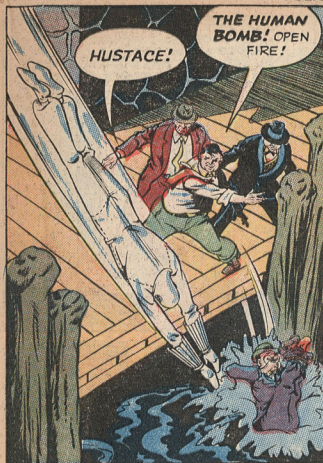
YOU GOT ME WRONG!  
I WAS ONLY TRYING TO  
MAKE TIME WITH THE  
LADY!

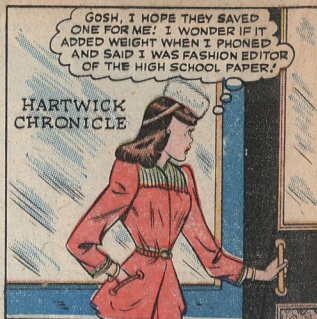
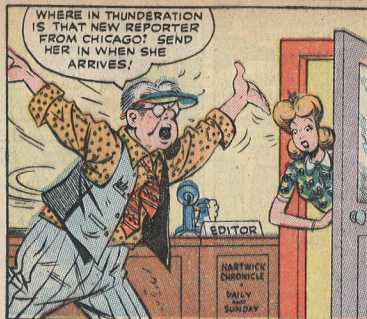
THEN IT'LL BE A  
PLEASURE TO  
DUNK YOU! SHE'S  
MY SPECIAL  
GIRL FRIEND!





POLICE COMICS



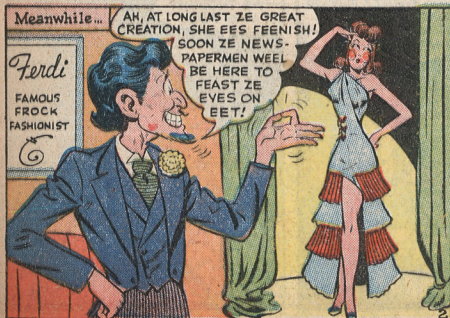
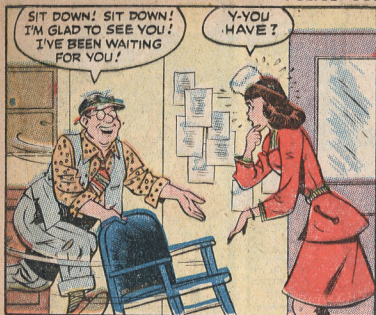


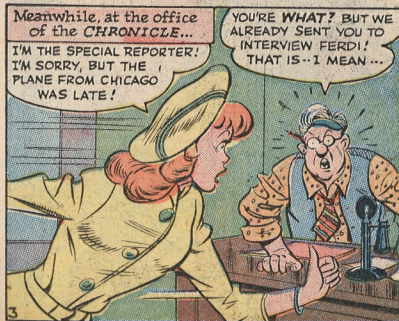
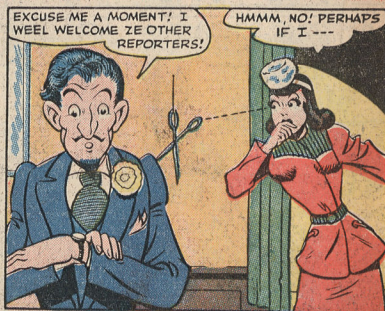
# CANDY





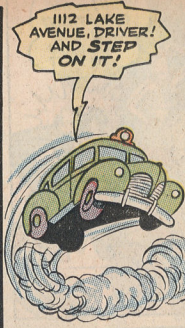
POLICE COMICS



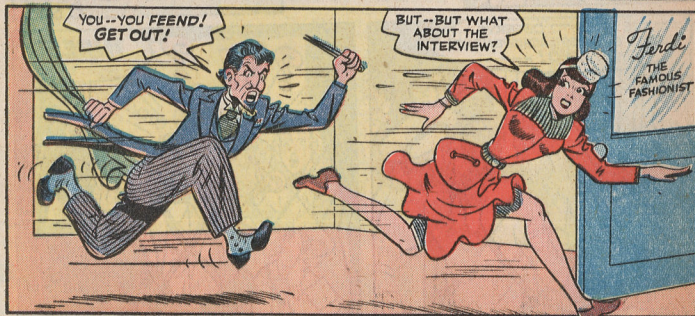
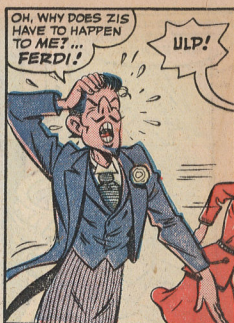
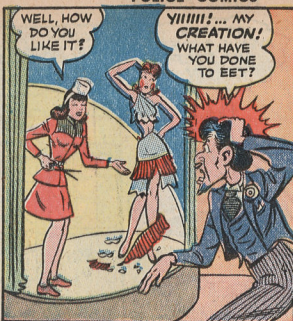




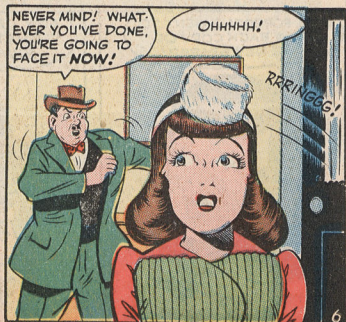
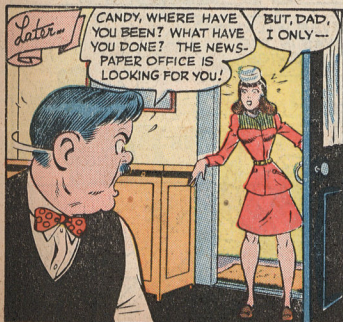
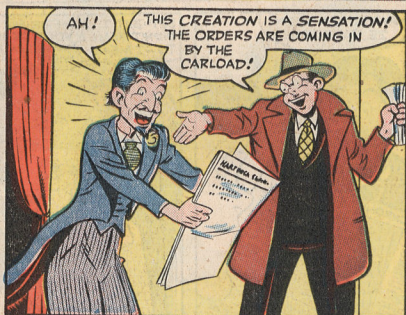
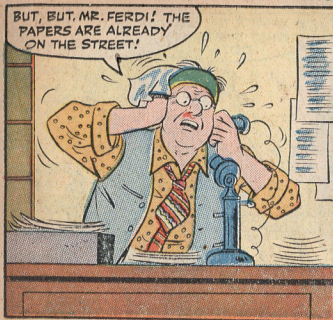
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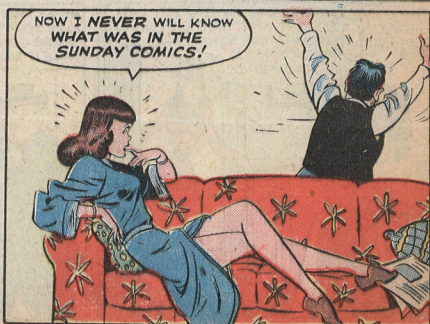
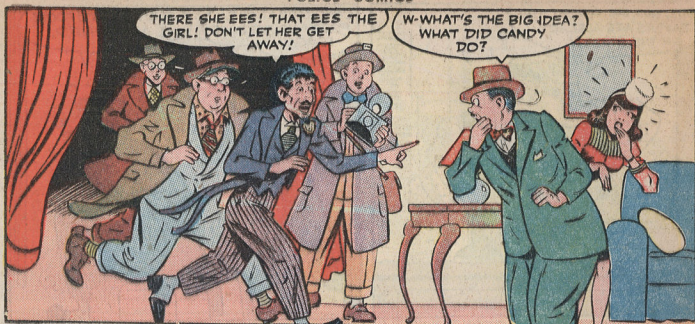
POLICE COMICS







POLICE COMICS





AH HATE  
 TO DO IT, BUT  
 FER DEWEY'S  
 SAKE, AH  
 GOTTA!

SOMETHIN' MOVED IN THET BUSH! WA'AL, WHOEVER THE VARMIN'T BE---

EEEYOW!

HERE!

# GHOST LIGHT

**B**ARON'S KEEP loomed out of the Bristol Channel mists like a gaunt spectre. On the charts of the Maritime Commission it was listed as "Lighthouse—Class B."

A gaunt spectre of a man operated Baron's Keep. No one knew just how long he had been there, but his record ran a long ways back. At least for thirty years the Baron's Keep lighthouse had blinked its warnings to ships at sea, keeping them off the dangerous rocks that littered this part of the coast.

No one had reason to suspect old Del Roones of crooked work. He had kept his lighthouse well, and few persons saw him on the infrequent visits to the village for supplies. He always got them himself, scorning the regular packet that hauled such things to the various lights along the coasts.

Ten years ago, Baron's Keep had been electrified. The modern innovation hadn't sat so well with old Roones, who was of the school of mariners who believed in the "good old days." But nevertheless electricity had come to his lighthouse, whether or no.

"But I ain't sayin' I like this here new-fangled 'lectricity," he was known to have mourned. "Give me oil any day."

Naturally, there was considerably less work for old Roones, tending the electric light instead of the oil, which latter required frequent attention. No oil to pour into the big tank. No wicks to trim. Noth-

ing to do but see that the light came on and went off at the proper times.

But if Del Roones took on a bit more fat because of his lesser activity, he didn't grow careless. He kept an eye on the light, secretly hoping something would happen so that they would replace it with oil again.

The war had been raging a full year, when one night, two convoy ships out of Scotland piled up on the jagged rocks below the Baron's Keep light. The skippers swore (this was later, when they found them) that the light was not burning, or that it was burning in a different place.

Roones swore just as vehemently that the light was on, in its accustomed tower.

There had been a terrific storm blowing that night, and visibility was very poor. The two convoy ships had been laden with supplies — food, gasoline, and a cargo of gold bullion. The crews of both stricken ships swore that pirates had boarded the ships and stolen everything they wanted, including the gold.

No one really knew the right answer. And when a few weeks had passed, the thing died down as such things do. That is, almost died down. Such was not the case in the Maritime Office, where the young American detective, Dick Mace, was working on the case.

"There's something plenty wrong with this thing," Dick told the top official of the M. I. "Those ships were deliberately

lured on the rocks, and I'll never think otherwise."

"But what proof have you, Mace?" the officer demanded. "It looks clear-cut to me; the old man let his light go out."

"But," cried Dick, "those skippers said the light appeared at another place. How—"

"In a time like that, anybody is liable to make a mistake."

Still, Dick was not satisfied. He meant to run the thing to the final solution. Whatever that meant.

One week later to the day another ship ran aground a mile from the Baron's Keep light, and again old Roones was on the carpet. This time everyone aboard the craft was lost. The ship carried more gold bullion. This was gone when divers reached the sunken hull, down in five fathoms.

Roones swore his light had been burning as usual. There had been a storm the night the ship ran aground.

Dick Mace decided to visit the scene of so many freak accidents. Hiring a speedboat, he set out for the Baron's Keep light.

In a dark cavern whose mouth opened into the sea a strange craft lay at anchor, bobbing in the swells that rolled into the cave-like tunnel. Aboard were three men. They were talking:

"I tell ye, Fritz, it be a easy matter to get the hull six o' 'em. We only wait fer a partic'lar stormy night."

Another said, "Yeah, I think like old Spooks there. Might's



## POLICE COMICS

well tackle the lot as take one. We dunno which one has the gold anyway."

The third man was not convinced. "Some of them boats carry deck guns. They could blow us outa the sea with one direct hit."

Spooks laughed. "Ya mean if they cud hit us. They'd hafta see us fust, an' how can they on a dark night? An' we'll pick a dark one, all right."

The third man of the trio grunted. "Okay by me if you guys think it's all right, but I ain't feelin' too good about takin' all of 'em."

If you were to search this great cavern you might discover, far at its back, a great pile of loot. Most of it was five-gallon tins of galoline and canned foodstuffs. But there was another pile—a big one—which glimmered dull yellow in a light. Gold. Hundreds of pounds of solid gold! The bullion caches of several ship holds.

There were three other men in this gang. They were playing cards at this moment back in the cave, where living quarters had been made. Guttering lanterns gave out a feeble light. The men played for big stakes, betting their shares of the loot with reckless abandon.

One of the three men aboard the craft left it and stalked up to the card players.

"It's tomorrow night," he told them. "We have the whole thing by radio. Six ships. Fat cargoes. Gold. We'll concentrate on the bullion."

The men cheered. "Tomorrow it is!" they cried. "We're with ye, Boss!"

The boss, turned on his heel. Then wheeled to face his men again. "We gotta be more careful this time. They's been some

young feller sneakin' around the light last couple days. He might find somethin'."

"Meanin'," said one of the players darkly, "that you want him——"

"No," said the boss. "If there's anything like that, I'll handle it. Good night!"

The next night was, like the barometer in the cave had predicted, a vile night with a howling wind and squalls of lashing rain. A good night for their purpose.

All six men knew their duties. Now they sat or stood in specified places, awaiting the signal from the boss, aboard the strange looking craft.

At a few minutes past midnight the Maritime Commission received word that the convoy was under way and approaching the neighborhood of Baron's Keep light.

The six captains of the ships stood on their bridges peering through the dark, howling night, watching the blinking light that protected them from the savage rocks not far off. On the bridge of the leading ship stood Dick Mace.

"Everything so far seems in order," he shouted to the captain.

The great light flashed intermittently across the raging expanse of sea.

Then suddenly Dick tensed and gripped the captain's arm. He pointed with the other arm. "Look—there at the light!"

The captain peered into the gloom. The light had not flashed on its next revolution. Instead, it now came on a mile away, or so it seemed. But this time the brilliant light was not so bright; it wavered as if the waves were shaking its very base.

"Steer out to sea!" cried Dick. "It's a trick. I thought this was it!"

The captain shouted orders into the speaking tube. The big ship lumbered in a half circle and made for open water.

Signals and flares went up from its decks warning the other ships in the convoy. Then the lead ship carefully came about and headed in toward the new light flashing on and off. Deck guns were uncovered. Sailors stood behind them, ready.

Suddenly a powerful searchlight sprayed the black tossing waters. It caught in its beam a steel tower bobbing in the waves. At its top the light came on and off.

"That's it," said Dick. "Open fire—drop a shot close to it, and radio that we ask their surrender." The shot splashed not far from the steel tower. Radio signals crackled through the night.

It was over in a moment. The men on the lead ship swarmed aboard the small strange craft that carried the tower light. It was a tiny submarine. The three men aboard, now caught in the toils of the law, blabbered the story. They had been luring ships on the rocks by shutting off the big light (they had tapped the electric wire leading to it) and flashing the temporary signal atop their sub.

It was a small matter to find the cave and the horde of stolen goods, gold bullion included. The men were all convicted and sentenced.

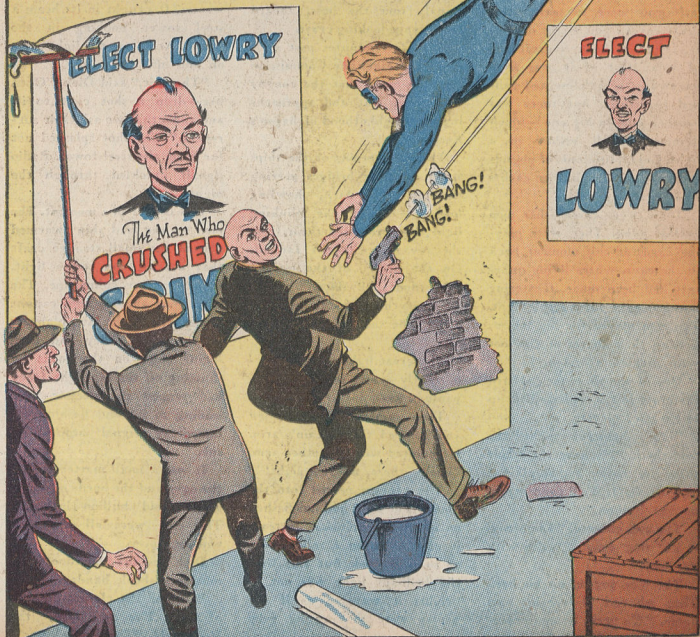
Dick and the Maritime Commissioner shook hands.

"One of the cleverest pieces of work I've ever seen," the M. C. said. "Thanks, lad."

# MANHUNTER

Peace came to the embattled crime-front of a great city! Banditry and murder found their place in limbo, with a host of other forgotten crimes! The denizens of the underworld swarmed into the light of day, to enjoy the pleasures of honest men .... and the words "to enforce the law" lost their meaning in a town of law-abiding crooks!

What role is there for **MANHUNTER** when the enemies of society band together to announce that "**CRIME DECLARES AN ARMISTICE!**"??





Through the night drift  
two dark shadows ---

QUIET,  
THOR!

GRRR!

THERE'S OUR  
QUARRY FOR  
TONIGHT!

LET'S  
GO!

MAN-  
HUNTER!

GREETINGS!

POW!

OR SHOULD I  
SAY HAIL AND  
FAREWELL?

UGHH!

WHACK!

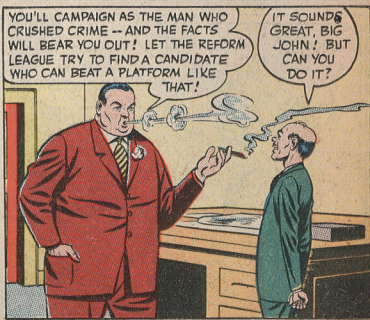
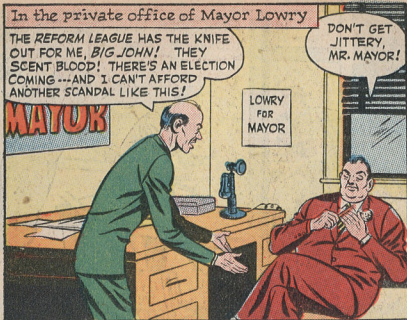
WELL, DONE, THOR!  
WE CAUGHT THEM  
RED-HANDED! THE  
POLICE WILL DO  
THE REST!

QUALITY NEWS

**BANK THIEVES  
NABBED!**

**MANHUNTER ROUNDS UP  
LONG SOUGHT CRIMINALS**

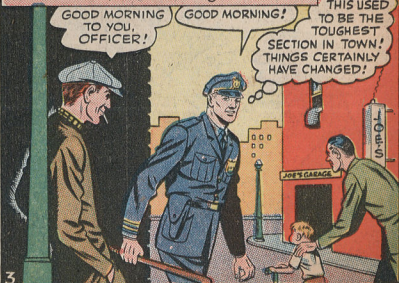
Reform League Denounces  
Official Laxity!



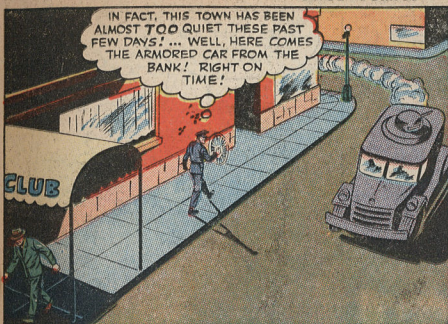
JUST LEAVE IT TO BIG JOHN RAFFERTY! NO CROOK WILL OPERATE IN THIS TOWN UNTIL THE DAY AFTER ELECTION!



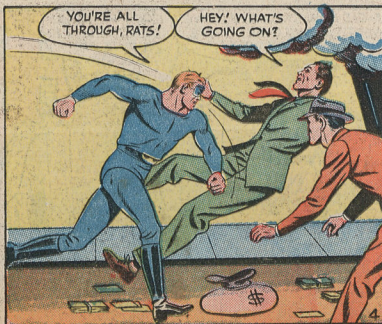
Several days later, as Dan Richards, alias MANHUNTER, is patrolling his beat--



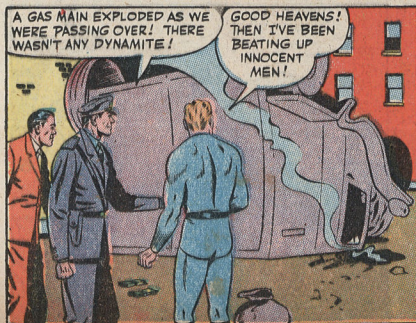
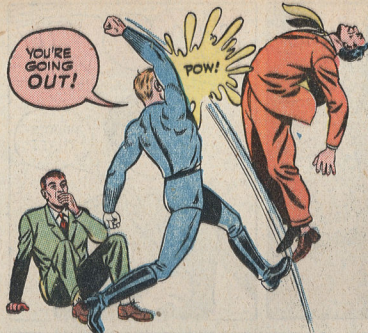




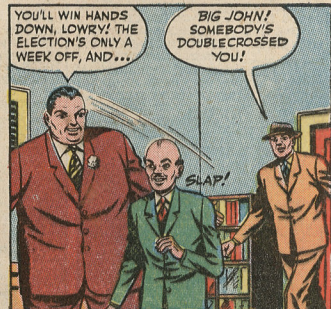
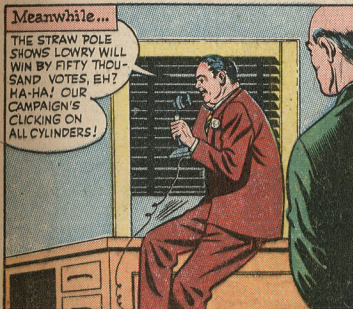
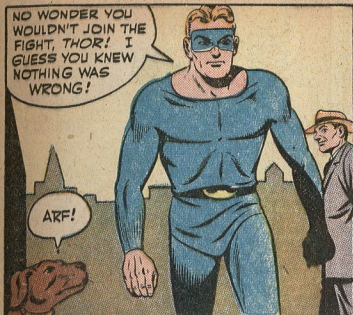
A super-sonic whistle blows a signal in a sound frequency too high for human ears!



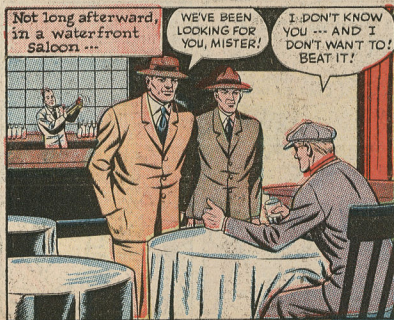
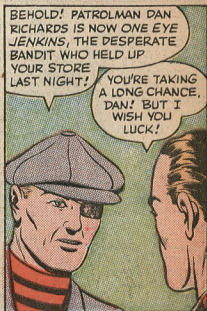
POLICE COMICS





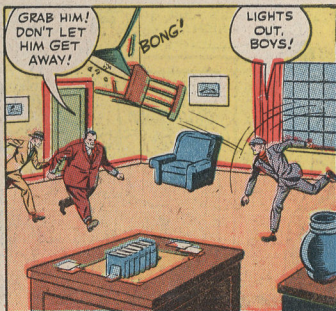
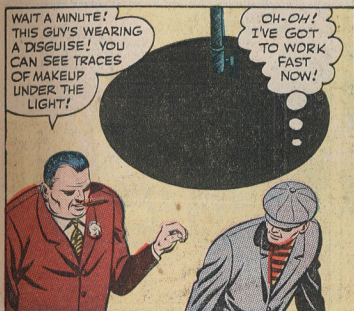
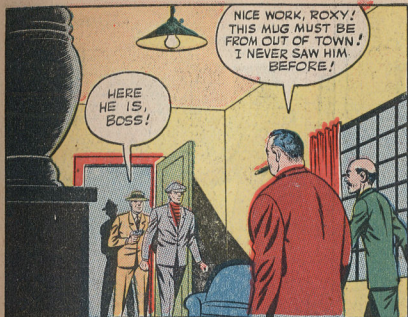


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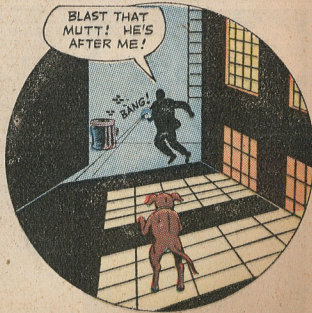
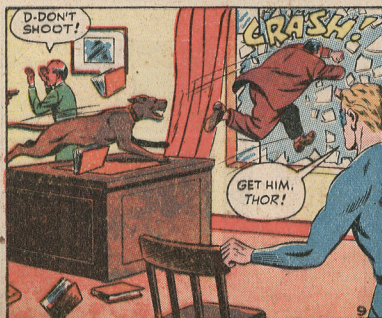
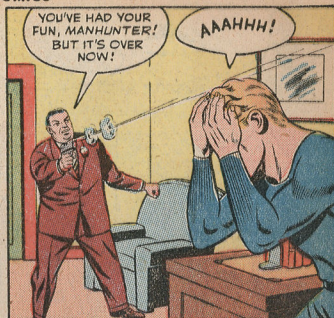




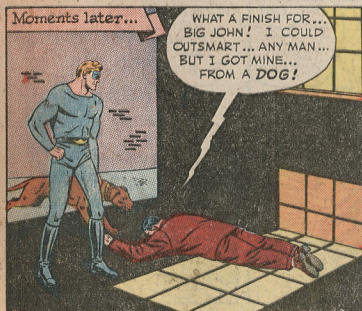
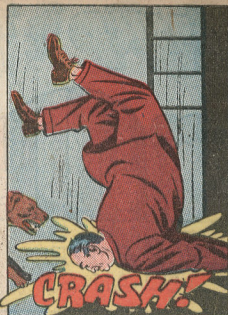
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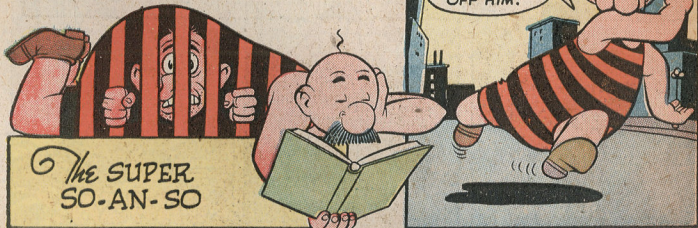
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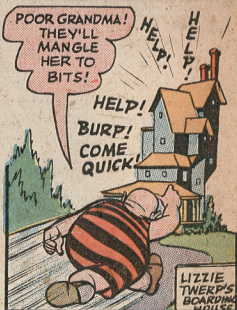
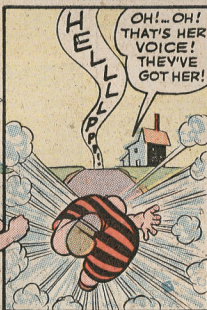




# BURP & TWERP



The SUPER  
SO-AN-SO



LIZZIE  
TWERP'S  
BOARDING  
HOUSE





POLICE COMICS

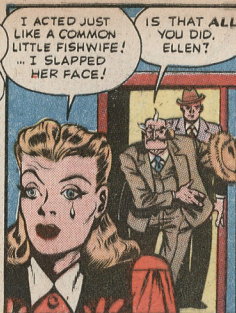






WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

I WENT TO THE RADIO STATION TO SEE THAT HORRID GLORIA DRAKE!... I TOLD HER TO STOP CHASING YOU--AND-- AND WE HAD AN ARGUMENT!

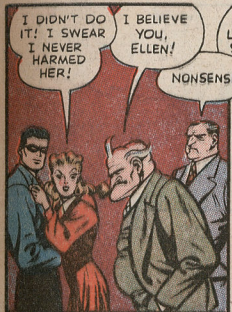


I ACTED JUST LIKE A COMMON LITTLE FISHWIFE! ... I SLAPPED HER FACE!

IS THAT ALL YOU DID, ELLEN?



WE FOUND GLORIA DRAKE'S BODY TWO HOURS AGO! SHE WAS MURDERED!



I DIDN'T DO IT! I SWEAR I NEVER HARMED HER!

I BELIEVE YOU, ELLEN!

NONSENSE!



SHE WAS THE LAST PERSON TO SEE GLORIA DRAKE ALIVE! AND SHE ADMITS THEY QUARRELED!

ARE YOU CALLING MY DAUGHTER A LIAR?



YOU MAY BE A BIG RADIO PRODUCER, GORDON, BUT I'LL ---

EASY, DOLAN!



DID I UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY GLORIA DRAKE WAS MURDERED TWO HOURS AGO?

THAT'S RIGHT!



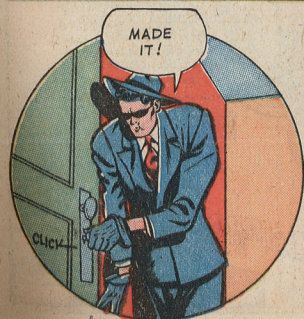
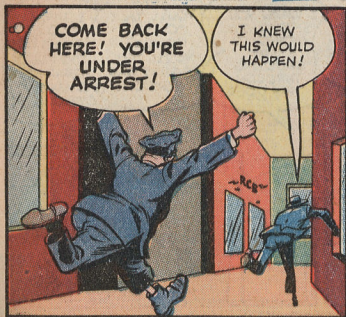
THEN HOW IS IT I WAS TALKING TO GLORIA DRAKE ON THE TELEPHONE HARDLY TEN MINUTES AGO?

YOU'RE CRAZY! AND I'LL PROVE IT!



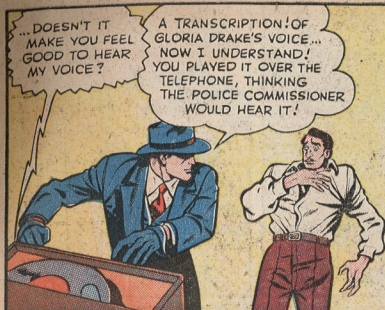


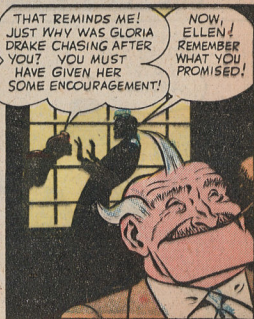
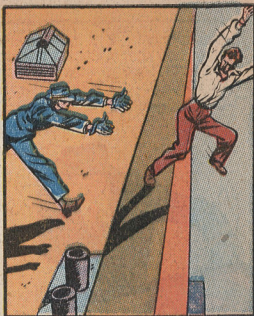
POLICE COMICS









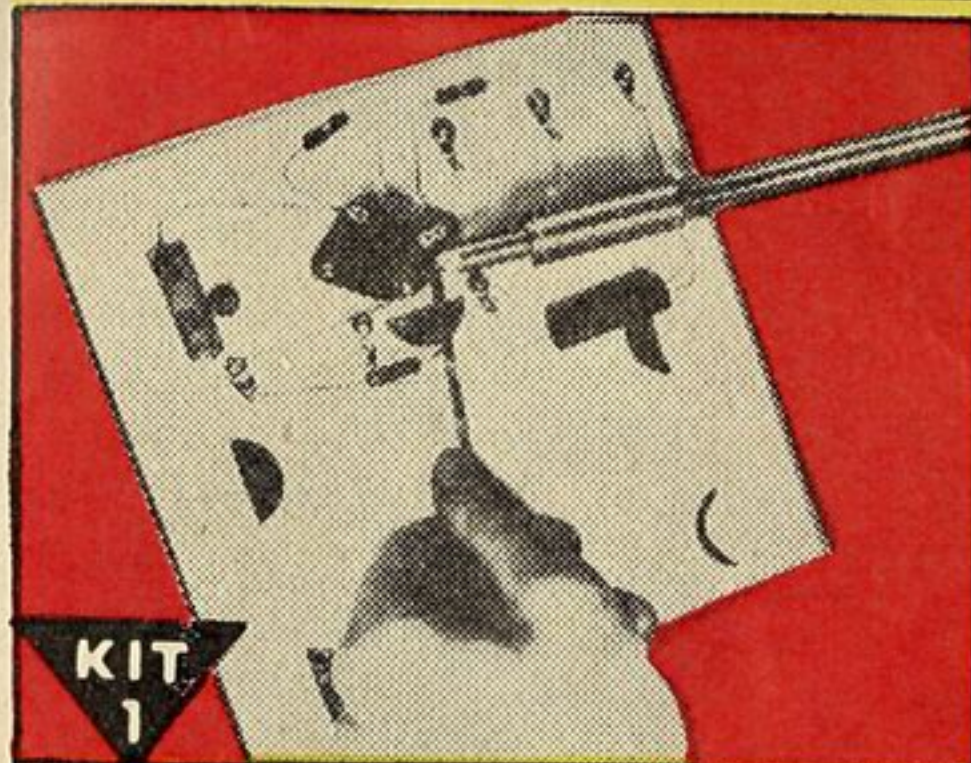






# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



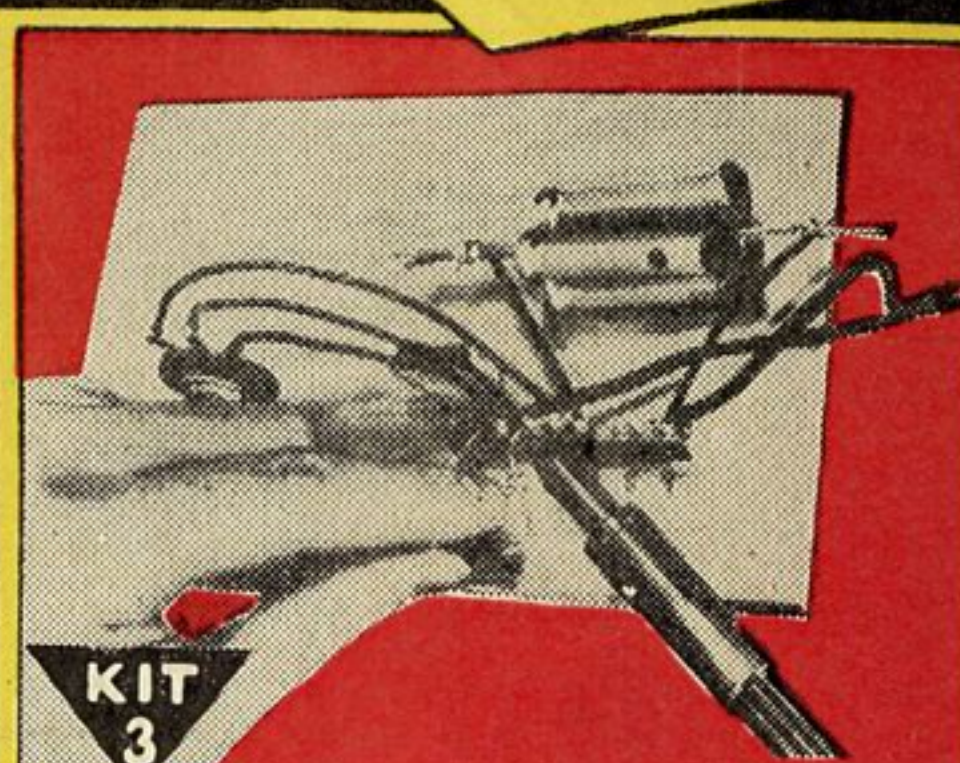
**KIT  
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



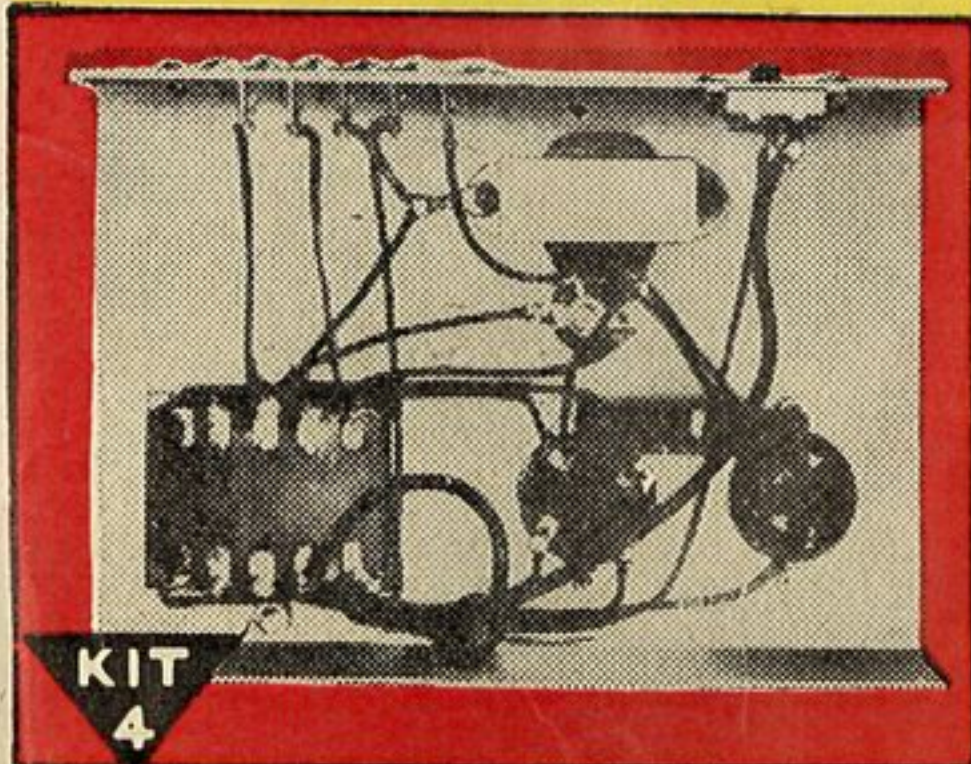
**KIT  
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



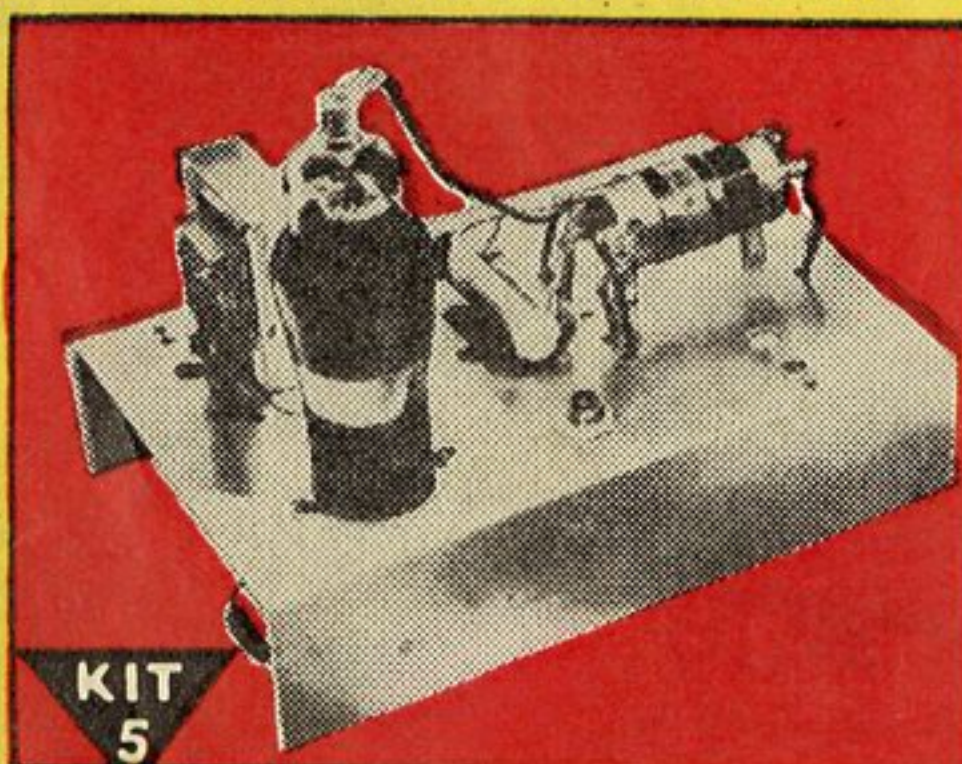
**KIT  
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



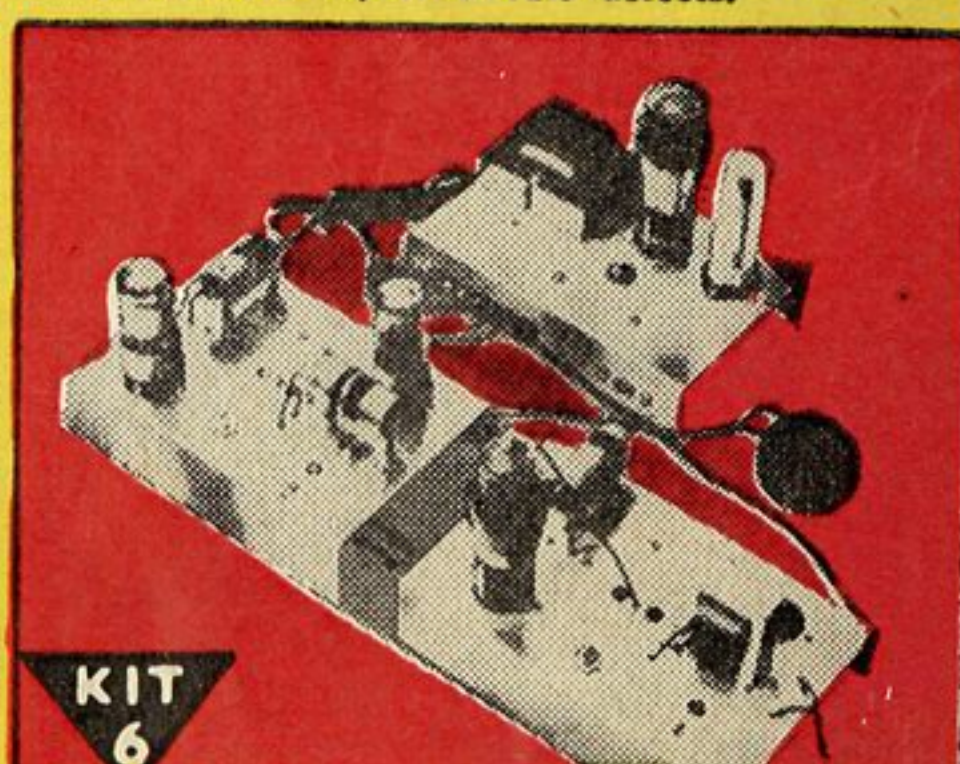
**KIT  
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT  
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT  
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

**Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics**

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

**Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make

**Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio**

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

**Good for Both - FREE**

**MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6BA3**  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State..... 4FR



**My Course Includes Training in  
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS  
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



# "VEST POCKET" POWER

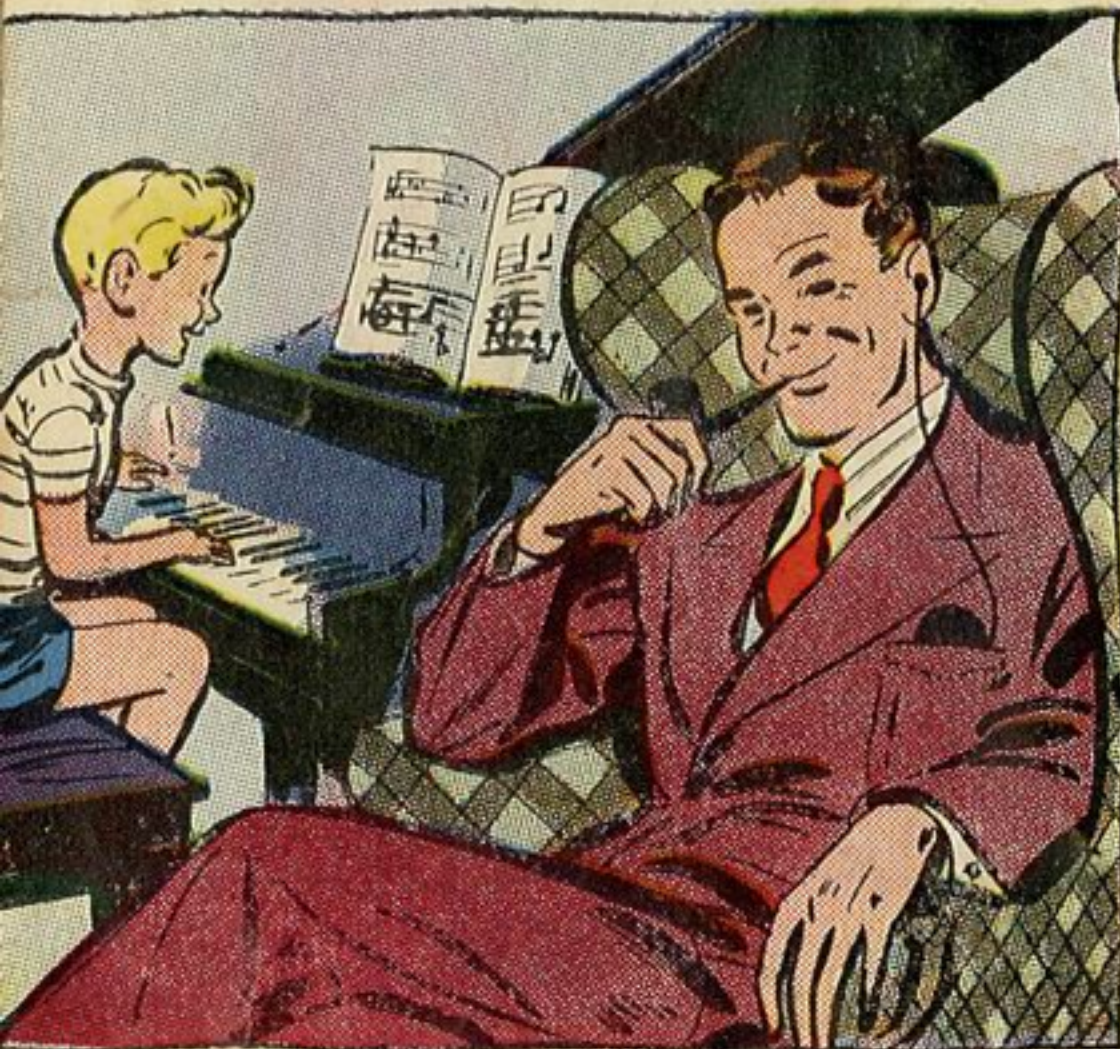
## Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.



**HANDIE-TALKIE** — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring.

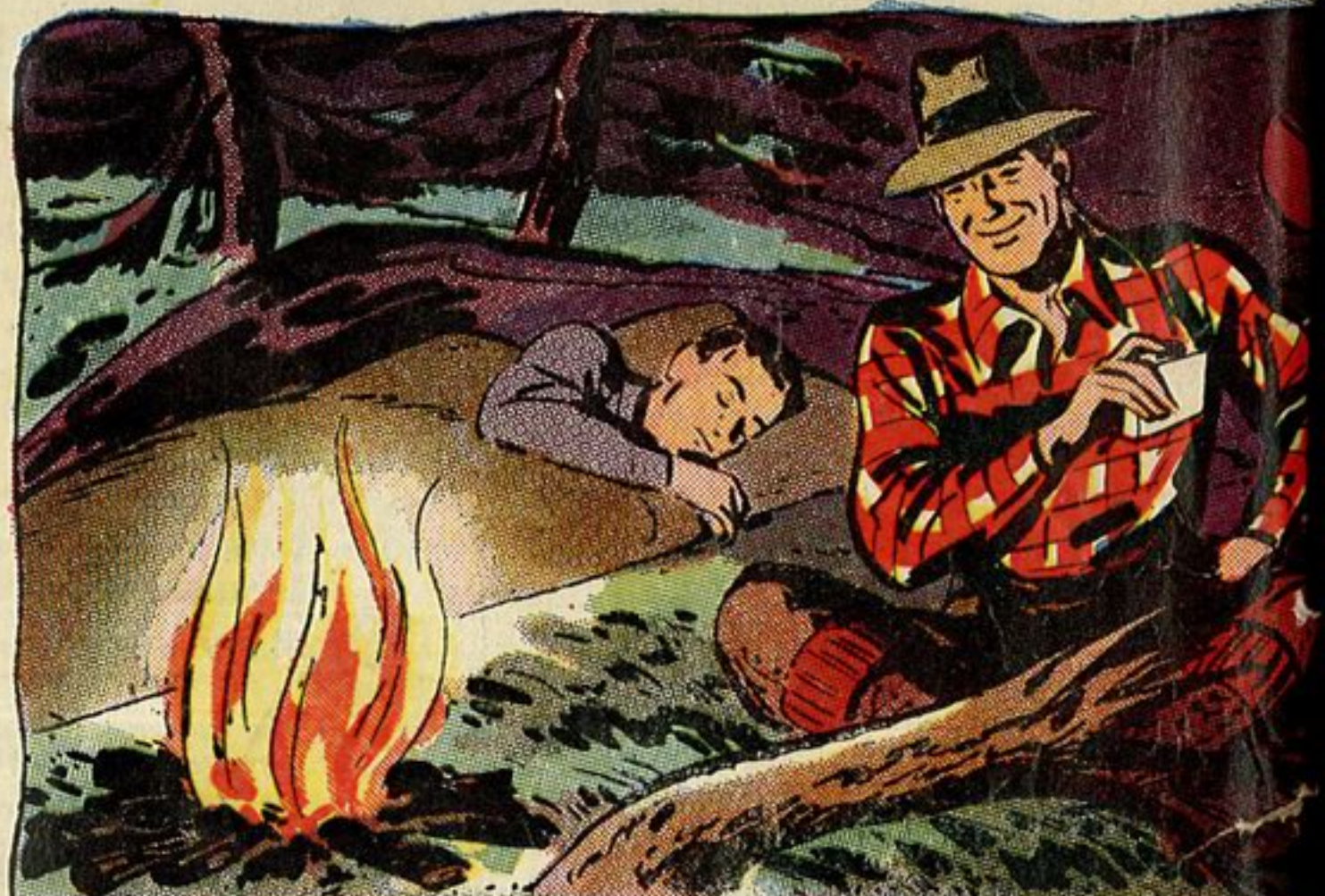


**BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID** — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.



An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 22½ volts of power — nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!



**SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE**, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.

# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

\* The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.